

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BIDE DUDLEY

"Say," said Daphne Pollard, the vest pocket edition comedienne of "The Passing Show of 1915," as she stood on a Broadway corner, "I'm no baby."

"What's the row?" we asked.

"Why, blame it all, I'm twenty-two years old."

"Ten, yes; proceed."

"Well, Marilyn Miller of our show is only sixteen, and she tries to 'mother' me and 'baby' me. It's all on account of my size."

"Or lack of size."

"Put it any way you wish. I'm only 4 feet 7 inches high, and therein lies the whole trouble. Imagine an eighteen-year-old chorus man sitting on a trunk and offering to trot me on his knee! I'm twenty-two. I'm a force!"

"A natural error on his part, probably."

"Maybe, but it humiliated me. Then one of the chorus girls after our first rehearsal brought me a doll! I'm twenty-two years old. I don't want a doll. I want—"

"A tango partner?"

"Oh, no. You see, I'm so short, I have to dance these modern steps double time in order to keep up with my partner. Therefore I can't say I'm fond of them. I can't be running around a ballroom floor like a yellow streak."

"Aren't you going to grow any more?"

"Gee! Not! If I ever do I'll quit the rough stuff I have to do on the stage now. Every time a laugh is needed I have to do a funny fall. Say, I'm the goat of that Winter Garden troupe. The worst of it is they all think they must coddle me and put me on the head to keep me from crying. They overlook the fact that I'm twenty-two years old. Yesterday a newspaper girl telephoned me she was coming to my apartment to see me. When I let her in she asked me where my mother was. 'I just telephoned her,' she said. 'I was mad.'

"Say, Miss, I replied, 'how old are you?' She said she was eighteen. I sat down on a chair and said, 'Come over here and I'll hold you on my lap. I'm Daphne Pollard. Zingo! but she made me cranky!'

"Cranky?"

"Burs! I'm twenty-two years old."

"And the Winter Garden 'discovery' looked under a hat the Bernard dog and disappeared around a corner."

IT'S "SO LONG, LETTY!"

The new musical comedy for which Earl Carroll is writing lyrics and music has been called "So Long, Letty!" Oscar Harrie has written the book. Oliver Morosco will produce it at the Burbank Theatre, Los Angeles, during the first week in July.

MONTAGUE HAS A PLAY.

John Montague, usually advance man for Julius Erlanger, is playwrighting again. He has just about completed a drama called "A Daughter of Weolia," the story of which, he asserts, is based on the French-Gothic wedding of several years ago. It was Mr. Montague who wrote "The Narrow Path," which ran for one consecutive performance at the Hackett Theatre, now the Harris. The police considered it a bit too broad and stopped it.

SAID BARNEY BERNARD!

Barney Bernard was discussing his married life with several friends at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street yesterday. "I've been married fifteen years," he said, "and there has never been a fight in the house."

"Is that so?" came from Leo Donnelly.

"Yes," continued Barney, "but we've got a back yard."

FRIARS ELECT.

The Friars held their annual election yesterday. The following ticket went through unanimously: Abbot, George M. Cohen; Dean, Ralph Trier; Corresponding Secretary, John J. Gleason; Recording Secretary, Renold Wolf; Treasurer, Richard J. Hatzel; Governors, Irving Berlin, Fred Block, Leo Frank, Jerome Siegel, Channing Pollock and D. Frank Dodge. A. I. Jacobs has been made the club's counselor.

GOSSIP.

It now looks as though the White Star "Hamper" to the coast won't take place.

Klaw & Erlanger have issued a statement denying that they are interested in the proposed Century Music Hall proposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo sailed from Melbourne for San Francisco yesterday. They were given a rousing send-off.

Audrey Munson, who posed for some of the statues at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, will begin an engagement at the Jardin de Danse Monday. She's a musician and dancer.

Joe Farnum, who has just returned from the firing line in France, where he took moving pictures, is forty pounds lighter than when he went away. He lost it dodging shells, he says.

Rube Marquand is to stage a number in the Wayburn "Town Topics" show. His wife, Blossom Seelye, will have the principal role in it. It will be a baseball stunt of some sort.

The Professional Woman's League will give several plays at the League's rooms, No. 159 Broadway, next Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights. Miss Agathe Bararacu, a European tragedienne, will be seen in "The Statue."

FOOLISHMENT.

While out for a walk yesterday, a "foot" carriage, said to be a "must have" for a lot of mothers, brought them right away for the evening out.

In the "foot" carriage, a lot of mothers brought them right away for the evening out.

SHOULD BE A HIT.

Howard Estabrook is getting ready to sing in vaudeville, a song about the movies, in which the lyric writer makes "mine" rhyme with "time" and "merely" rhyme with "assuredly." It should be a knockout.

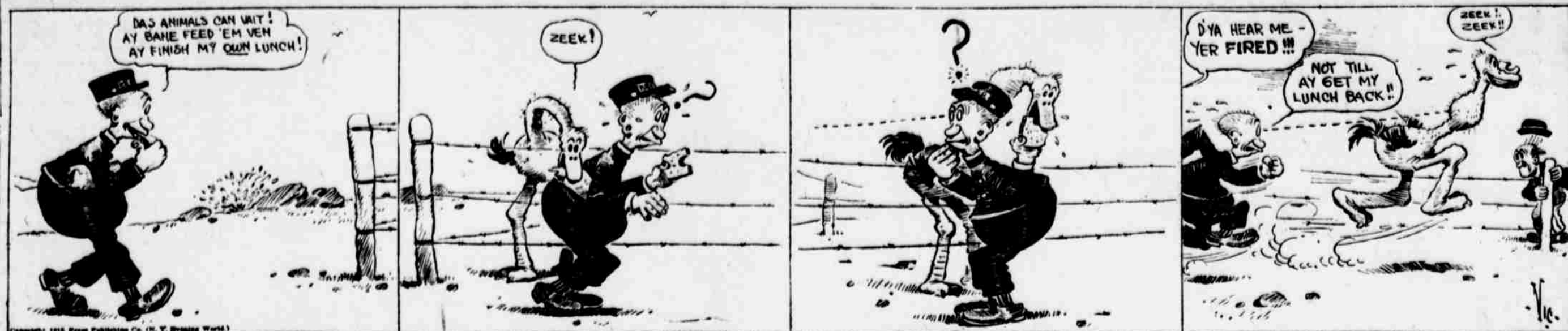
FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"That footblotch's father is a wealthy farmer."

"Oh, I see. He makes hay while the sun shines."

FLOOEY AND AXEL—Axel Should Worry; Monday He's Gonna Be a Jockey Down at Belmont Park!

By Vic



"S'MATTER, POP?"

By C. M. Payne



BETTY'S BROTHER BOBBIE—It Was a "Love Game" of Tennis, but Bobbie Refused to Play Cupid!

By Thornton Fisher



JUANITA'S LEGACY—Conclusion—The Will and the Fortune

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By Naomi E. Abrahams

